

# Review of Mission News

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## OUR VIEWS OF MISSION WORK.

### SPECIAL CAUSES OF THANKSGIVING.\*

*Mrs. Ella Carithers.*

We have been filled with joy in listening to the reports this afternoon, and while we rejoice together we must not forget that all the glory belongs to God. It is eminently proper that we close the day with a thanksgiving service. We should be profoundly thankful for the interest the Church takes in Mission work.

Men are still living who were connected with the beginning of the active missionary efforts of our Church in foreign lands. The consecrated energy of the Church is not satisfied with the enlargement of the fields at present occupied, but the enthusiasm of the people pleads with Synod for another field in which to labor. We have not yet reached the limit of our possibilities, but we have reason to be thankful that we are moving in that direction. The pillar of the cloud has lifted and is moving toward heathen lands, and the stir and bustle in all the Christian hosts indicate that they mean to obey the summons.

The opening of the gates of lands long closed to foreigners is a cause for thanksgiving. I do not wait to recount the wonderful providence of God by which this has been accomplished, but merely to say that half a century ago millions of people

sat behind a wall of national exclusion of foreigners that seemed forever to shut out the light. To-day the whole world stands open to the missionary, and while there are in some places hindrances and annoyances, it is only the last struggle of a power dethroned. God has opened wide and effectual doors, whereof we are glad. There seems to be a more ready acceptance of the Gospel by the heathen than ever before. In some places ordained ministers have been called from their Congregations, to reinforce the workers in heathen lands, in baptizing converts to Christianity. Shall our voices be silent in view of all this, or shall we lift them up in thanksgiving?

We not only have reason to thank God that the Church is being awakened, and open doors set before her, but for the wonderful power with which He uses feeble instruments in accomplishing the work. This controlling power is seen in all Mission work, and what I shall say is true of other Mission fields, though I draw my illustrations from the Indian field because of my better acquaintance there.

A little more than three years ago the Mission force of our Church in the Indian Territory was represented by a single family living in a tent, and surrounded by a people of a strange tongue. Can you imagine a more feeble instrument? but from a thousand homes the daily sacrifice of prayer goes up to God in behalf of that little band.

\*Address at the Thanksgiving and Thank-offering Service held at Beaver Falls, on the Fifth Anniversary of the Indian Mission, and published by request.

“Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
 The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
 For sinners intercedes.”

God answered the prayers of His people by giving to them the spirit of liberality. When money was needed to carry on the work, money was freely given. When there was a call for more help, consecrated workers were ready for His service. When there was need for clothing, willing fingers soon supplied the demand. God's people were ready to acknowledge the claim of the One who said, “The cattle upon a thousand hills are mine,” and like the Israelites they responded, “Our cattle also shall go with us \* \* \* \* for thereof must we serve the Lord our God.” When busy mothers were preparing the fruit for winter use they did not forget the Indian Mission. The thanksgiving days and holiday seasons were brightened by tokens of love and words of sympathy.

“O, that men to the Lord would give  
 Praise for His goodness then,  
 And for His works of wonder done  
 Unto the sons of men.”

Christ's parting words to His disciples were, “Go ye therefore and teach all nations,” and He adds the promise, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” He has been true to His promise. The creation of the earth and the Heavens is but the work of God's fingers, but He made bare His holy arm to redeem the lost. It may help us to thank God to notice how He has displayed His presence and guidance in the little details of the work.

Mr. Lee, under the direction of the Central Mission Board, selected a portion of land and obtained the consent of the

Indians that it should be used as a Mission farm. The application had been sent to Washington for a grant of the land. When we arrived at the Indian Territory we hoped to receive the grant of the land and to go immediately to the farm and live in a tent, while Mr. Lee and Mr. Carithers would erect an humble cottage that would be our home. When we arrived at Paul's Valley we met a Presbyterian minister, who told us he had obtained the grant of a quarter section of land only eight miles distant from our location. He said he had ten thousand dollars to be spent in erecting buildings to be used by the Presbyterian Mission. It did not seem wise to establish two Missions at that place, and so much unoccupied territory. We felt that some other place must be selected for the Reformed Presbyterian Mission. This was a disappointment to us. If another choice of land was made the application must pass through Washington, and you know how long it sometimes requires for a paper to pass through Washington.

As Mr. Lee was a man of large experience in frontier life, and was acquainted with the home life of the Indian, we had depended on him for the guidance of the work, but as he could only stay with us two months there seemed little hope that we could locate on the farm during that time.

We realized that we were without a home, and our thoughts turned back to the dear old home that was vacant, and to the friends from whom we had lately parted. The thought brought comfort, for we remembered that the next day was the Sabbath on which the Church had promised to make special prayer for the

Indian Mission. Your prayers were answered, and as we compare our present location with the one at first selected, we thank God for our first disappointment. In the building of the house we met difficulties that sometimes annoyed us exceedingly. They added a little to the first estimate of the cost of the building, and I think a few wrinkles to the face of the one who must make new plans when old ones would not work, but as we review the work we see that God was leading the Mission to success by hindering our poor plans.

When the school-house was ready for use we thought we had room enough and help enough to care for forty children. God showed us our mistake by sending fifteen. They did not understand our language, and they did not show much anxiety to learn it. They were a company in themselves, and did not care to become a part of ours. There seemed to be little hope for progress. The agent took twelve of the number to the Government school. We felt that our work was almost broken up, but we were just ready to begin.

The three children that were left in the school soon began to talk English and to join in the singing in worship. The number of children increased gradually, and the new ones followed the example of those already in the school, and of their present attainments you have heard this afternoon. The same degree of success could not have been attained if the school had been crowded during those first months.

So as we look on the clouds that have passed we see that each is spanned by the bow of peace.

There are some mysteries that we cannot yet fathom, yet we believe that

“Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

“And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me ;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

“And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out the portion for our lips to drink ;  
If we could push ajar the gates of life  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

“But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart ;  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold ;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart ;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if through patient toil we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think we then shall say, 'God knew the best.'”

Another cause for thanksgiving is the remarkable answer to prayer.

In the erection of the school-house a man by the name of Anderson took the contract for quarrying the stone and laying it on the ground. Before the work was completed he took the chills and went home. He promised to return in time to supply the masons with stone. You per-

haps think the withdrawal of one man a trifling matter, and so it is if there are many men glad of the opportunity to take his place, but when you are hundreds of miles from the labor supply the dropping out of one man may greatly retard the progress of the work. The masons had come from a distance, and if they went home before the building was completed it would be an additional expense to bring them back to finish the work, as well as a loss of time. There was a little company of men at work, but in all the number there was not one who professed Christianity. We always asked them to join us in our family worship, and they did (or rather they came into the room), but they evidently felt that it was an unnecessary service of daily life, and I am sure they felt that it was useless. Day by day the petition went up that the needed help would come. Day by day the men assured us that Mr. Anderson would not come. He had told them he did not intend to return. We became anxious that the unbeliever might learn that there was a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. We knew that we prayed to the God that answered Elijah on Mt. Carmel, and oh how we wished for the faith of Elijah, but God answered our *feeble* faith, and a few hours before the last stone was laid Mr. Anderson came, and the work went on without interruption. Another remarkable instance of answer to prayer was in the case of an old woman who came to our house for medicine. A painful and we felt an incurable disease had fastened upon her, and there seemed to be little we could do for her poor body; but we felt even more helpless in regard to the wants of her soul. We could not direct her to the Great Physician who is able to

heal the soul and the body, for she only understood the Spanish language. We held a special prayer-meeting, and asked that God would open some way by which the light might come to her, and a few days later a white man came to our house hunting ponies. He was a good Spanish talker. He went with Mr. Carithers to the old woman's home, and she expressed great surprise when she heard of God's love.

Let us thank God for the joy of His service.

It was a trial to leave a Congregation of true and faithful people; to leave the home they had provided for us; to take our little girl from her companions to whom she was attached by the tenderest ties. It was with no little anxiety that we took her to a home where her only companions would be those whose lives were impure. It was a trial to leave dear parents whose feeble step indicated that we might not see their faces again in the earthly home, and yet I can truly say it would be a far greater trial if we could not return to those who are already so far awakened that they are conscious of the darkness that surrounds them, and are reaching out the hand asking to be led to the right path. Can you think of any greater joy than to clasp the outstretched hand and lead to the One who has said, "I am the way and the truth and the life"?

As we again turn away from the dear old home we mark many changes. Hands that waved good-by when we last left you are still and pulseless. The feeble step has grown still more feeble, and it is with even greater tenderness that we say good-by. Hope whispers, if we meet not again in the earthly home we shall be re-united

in the heavenly city, and even in the changes we read the message: Hasten, oh hasten, there are other lives going out, that are going out in darkness. Millions with the feeble step and the gray hairs are standing on the very brink of the river, and are looking out on a starless sky. Is there no one to point to the Star of Bethlehem?

They must soon step out from their poor homes, and they have never heard of the home of many mansions which Christ has gone to prepare. Oh the darkness of the night! Their infant lips were never taught to lisp:

“Yea though I walk in death’s dark vale  
Yet will I fear no ill;

For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.”

They go out alone in an unknown way.

Christ died to save sinners. Do we not dishonor Him if we linger while they go down to death having never heard of Him who said: “I am the resurrection and the life. . . . Because I live ye shall live also”?

Let it never seem an irksome task to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel to the heathen.

Let us rejoice that we may be partakers of the joy of the Saviour, “Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.”

## ITEMS OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

### ABROAD.

THE WORLD.—These are old figures, but their lesson is always new:

In 1800, not over 50,000 converts in all heathendom; now, over 1,500,000, and five times as many adherents.

In 1800, not over 70 Mission Schools: now, about 14,000, with 600,000 scholars.

In 1800, 50 translations of the Bible; now, between 300 and 400, of the whole or parts, like the Gospel of Mark.

In 1800, not over 5,000,000 copies of the Bible; now, more than that issue from the press every year.

In 1800, the population of the globe about 700,000,000, of whom some 40,000,000 were called Protestants; now, the population is more than *double*, and the nominal Protestants more than quadrupled!

—*Missionary Review.*

INDIA.—The report of the North India Conference of the American Methodist Episcopal Church states that during the last year 14,749 persons have been baptized. This is an astonishing growth. One good test of the genuineness of this religious movement is the fact that the contributions of the native Christians have more than doubled within the year.

There has also been a general Christian movement in the Cuddapah and Gooty districts, where the London Missionary Society is at work. A report of a committee appointed to visit these districts is printed in the *Harvest Field*, from which it appears that there is a genuine religious awakening among the Mala people, which gives much promise. Doubtless the motives of these people are mixed, but there seems to be a genuine desire for religious instruction. The people are asking for